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SPEECH OF ANSON BRULINGAME, Delivered at the State Convention at Trenton, N. J.

He said that the preceding speaker had stated very clearly the positions of the parties in the country. He would take up a remark that fell from the lips of the President (Gov. Pennington), that our defeats of the past grew out of our own differences, not differences of opinion, for the masses did not differ much; he could find the same things in resolutions of the old Whig party and the present party.—But the truth was, that those men of the old parties did not live up to their resolutions. Repeated betrayals led men one after another to consider, and they made up their minds they would stand up for the principles of the fathers, till now we lift the shining banners of Republicanism throughout the land. This is the resurrection and the life of all that was glorious in the old dead parties. It fought its first great battle under Fremont; and but for unfortunate divisions they would have carried New-Jersey, and but for fraudulent naturalization papers, they would have carried Pennsylvania. Since then, we have swept the lingering enemy from New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, and long ago from New-England, as our fathers did the enemy in the Revolution; they drove him from New-England, and finally drove him to Yorktown, as they are now doing our present enemy. Now the men who sustain the present Administration will be buried so deep that no bubble will ever come up to tell where they went down. The Democratic party is at last broken; the vast cloud is dispersed, leaving the bright sky beyond it luminous with the rising star of Lincoln and Hamlin. [Cheers.] It is a principle of the Republican party that every man is entitled to himself and to what he earns; it is the principle of the Democratic party, that he is not entitled to himself, but that another man may own his brother. It is the doctrine of this party that the people are not the same in power, but are the mudsills of society. Our doctrine is that the people are the same in power.—It had its first application on board the *Mayflower* when that little vessel fluttered her weary wings in the bay of Massachusetts, and it is now lifted in sunny Italy by Garibaldi, and he trusted in God that ere this the canon of freedom are thundering upon the city of Naples. It is a principle of the Republican party that the will of the majority constitutionally expressed, is law until shall be constitutionally reversed. It is a doctrine of the Democratic party that the will of the majority shall not rule; and they came boldly forth to say to us; we will play this game no matter what is the result; we intend to win; but we will not submit if you win; but if we win you must submit.—That party has its head and body at the South, and dwindles away to a very small tail, or two or three tails, at the North—though it does not grow small and beautifully less, for the smaller it grows the uglier it is. If they at the South mean to put their doctrines of Disunion into effect, we will try the force of this Government of ours, and see if treason is to prevail in the land. Let one of these traitors lift his hand to smite down this great Government, which has come to us from the brains and unconquerable arms of our fathers, and that hand shall be withered by the breath of the people's power. And when we shall have elected Abe Lincoln—for elect him we evidently shall—we mean that he shall be inaugurated, and shall preside over the destinies of this mighty country. But I believe he will be inaugurated, and not one drop of American blood shed. But if these men will have it so, and if they will be traitors then let them take the fate of traitors. We do not wish to disturb them for it is a doctrine of Republicans to respect State rights; but it is our right as it is our duty to stand against the further extension of Slavery; and that is after all, the difference between the parties. We deprive nobody of his right in this way. We say Slavery is born of local law; we say to our Southern brother, let us go to the territories of the West, go out and toil together, but do not take out the men you say you own, who shall work for you while you stay in the house and contrive political law whereby you may triumph over men—that is not fair; we only ask fair play, and that the laboring men of this republic will have at any cost. A protective tariff flows naturally out of Republican principles; one that shall protect labor, which is the only wealth of the country. It is the principle of the Democratic party that no regard to protection should be had. It is a measure of the Republican party that great internal improvements should be made for the benefit of the whole land. It is a measure of that party that shall be secured to the poor laboring man a little home that cannot be taken away. The Pacific Rail-

road is another measure of the Republican party. These are few of the measures that naturally come from Republican principles—not false symbols; but these issues have been tendered in the last Congress as living issues. They tendered a tariff bill, and passed it, but it fell in the Senate—that great slaughter-house of the people's rights. They passed a Homestead bill; it went to the Senate, where they wounded it, and sent it to the President, who let fall a veto upon upon it, when it died in his presence.—They passed a bill to improve the St. Clair Flats, and the President vetoed it, though he could find no warrant in the Constitution to veto a bill to remove the Red River raft, which was under a sultry, tropical sun. Again they offered a Pacific Railroad, a central road to accommodate the whole country, but they would not have it unless they could have one in the South, over a sandy desert. These are the issues to-day, and New-Jersey men are to set on them at the next election. This party will give you no favor, will give you no tariff; what care they for you? for must they not hate your free system at the North? If they can fight for their false system, can't you vote for your free system? If your fathers could fight seven years for a preamble, can't you vote once for a principle? Mr. Douglas complains that the pecuniary interests of the country were not attended to; but he forgets that the Republicans stoop in Congress for two months and received the white wrath of the disunionists from the South; and rolled them back as the rocks do the white frothy waves of the sea. Why did not Mr. Douglas state who made 150 Pro-Slavery speeches, and threatened, if they did not have their own way on every question, they would drive everything to eternal smash in a moment. For two months, the Republicans witnessed the shock, and their only speech was "Call the roll," "Call the roll." They stood foot to foot, hand to hand, and eye to eye, and advancing steadily, and not returning railing for railing, until the time, came, and the cry was given, and ran along the lines, like the cry of Wellington at Waterloo, "Up Guards, and at them!" and after the fire and smoke of this charge had rolled away, then appeared the benignant face you look upon there (turning to Gov. Pennington) [Cheering long and loud.]—And though there was so much ill-feeling before, and they were mad enough to tear each other's eyes out, yet a great deal of it disappeared, and he never saw so much good will in any House of Representatives as there was in that House at the close of the last session. And for that feeling they were very much indebted to this great heart here. They knew he was a conservative, patriotic man, who went for the Union, and was no agitator. In the Senate Jefferson Davis introduced a set of abstractions; Mr. Douglas on one side and all the South on the other discussed them. The Republicans have not agitated the Slavery question except in self-defence. But he wished to leave the question of pecuniary interests, for he thought men was higher than money.—Then tell me oh, my brother, what great right has been unseathed by a sectional demagogism? Is it not written in the Constitution that an American citizen shall travel anywhere in this Union. Try it in some of the States and done to repeat the sentiments of Washington or Jefferson.—Is it not written, you shall have Freedom of the Press? Try it anywhere beyond that dark Mason & Dixon's line, from whence no Northern politician ever returns and see if your press is not destroyed and perhaps your life taken. Go stand by the grave of the Martyr Lovjoy and ponder this question of your rights! He fell by the bullets of the Slave power; and if he now takes an interest in what is going on in this sphere it must afford him satisfaction to see that from that State where he fell a martyr to the freedom of the press they are about to elect the first President for Freedom in the land? Is it not written, you shall have free speech? So you can, here on these steps. Mr. Toombs might come here and defend Slavery, and you would shed your Jersey blood for the right of free speech; but why should not your speaker—as patriotic a man as any in the land—be permitted to go to Mississippi or Alabama and express his opinions about Slavery, and say that he believed it to be an evil to the country, and that it should never be permitted to go into the Free territories of the nation? These are the sentiments of Jefferson and Washington, and down to Henry Clay, and yet you cannot speak these sentiments in Alabama and Mississippi. And why not? If you ask this question of the Democratic party, and call their attention to the fact, they laugh and sneer at you, as if you were nothing to them, but the mudsills and greasy mechanics of society.—This is the way they will answer you.—This Democratic party has gone from bad to worse, until they have fallen entirely away from the faith of the fathers. They have fallen away from the ordinance of 1787, which like the blessing of God all over the great North-Western Territory, and which is now the home of ten millions of happy people who dwell in the valley of that great river, and they mean to hold that Mississippi River intact in the Union by virtue of their warm, loving hearts, and their strong right arms. I say the Democratic party have fallen away.

"Nine centuries they fell from cavern to rock And as they fell their heads went nickety nock."

They fell down to Squatter Sovereignty, and from that to the Dred Scott decision; and their fall reminds me of the story of the great showman, who said he had some Eastern persons to exhibit; these were three brothers, named Hali, Muley and Hassan. First, Hali would take a lighted candle and jump down the throat of Muley; then Muley, thus encumbered with his brother, would take a candle and jump down the throat of Hassan, and finally Hassan would take a lighted candle and jump down his own throat, leaving the audience entirely in the dark. So it is with the Democratic party in their fall down to Squatter Sovereignty and the Dred Scott Decision.—The people of the country took Mr. Douglas at his word, and went to Kansas to fight the battles of Freedom; and they were murdered there. That is gone, and now, according to Mr. Douglas, the doctrine is to let the people do as they please, subject only to what? To the Constitution of the United States? Subject to Congress? No! But subject to the most tyrannical element in this Union; the Supreme Court of the United States, against which Jefferson thundered; on which Jackson fell all his thunders and against which Buchanan thundered with all his might. They claim not only the Dred Scott decision, and they require not non-intervention, but direct intervention on the part of Slavery by Congress. Not to legislate Slavery in, for they claim it goes in the Territories by virtue of the Constitution, but to protect it there. There is a case on its way to the Supreme Court now—the *Leimon* case—which, if decided according to their late decision, will establish Slavery in New Jersey, and Senator Toombs may make good the boast he is said to have made—that he would call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill, though I believe that old bill would blaze again with muskets before he does that. But there are only two forces now in the field, and let the timid men stand back for the approaching fight. Mr. Breckinridge heads the Democratic party. There are other parties—I don't know how many—and down the country. I suppose Mr. Douglas thinks he has a party, and perhaps Mr. Bell thinks he has one alive in the North. He believed such brave men as Henry Winter Davis, that noble man whose voice fell like a falling star, and made this man (turning to Gov. Pennington) Speaker, and such noble spirits as Emerson Etheridge, are only waiting for the election of Lincoln, that they may be delivered, that they may be translated without tasting death. But the little party that upholds Mr. Bell at the North; if they had any life in them would join the Breckinridge party as they have in this State. He had a great respect for Bell and Everett, but had not much for a party that had not the courage to have a platform. They put forward the Constitution, but how do they interpret it according to Calhoun, or Webster, or Hayne? What school are they of? Where do they come from and where are they going? They cannot even give the Constitutional countersign. That little organization is the last refuge of the timid craven in the Northern States; men who went to sleep sometime ago—and I respect age—whose knees knock together every time that Kett of South Carolina speaks and threatens to smash things unless he is obeyed immediately. They look as if they had come out of their graves to light their pipes, and could not find their waps back again. It looks respectable to see an old gentleman wearing the breeches and knee-buckles, but it is not at all funny if there are too many of them. They wear good clothes and unexceptionable hats, but the heart is wanting. I can bear very well to see an old man go into that party, but it makes me sorry when I see a young man, who ought to live and not die, go into his grave so soon. My young friend, you have no business there; your business is in the strife and battle of life, ever pressing on with vigor and activity in the cause of right and freedom. Then why will you, my young brother, go in among these timid, quivering men, who take anodynes when it thunders; who are afraid in dark nights, who are frightened most to death now, when they hear the distant thunder of the approaching conflict; and they go rushing for safety to the Breckinridge men in some States, and in others they cry out to the Douglas men to save them for fear these Republicans will destroy them utterly. They try to ally themselves with those who have always been their enemies, who have hunted them down, every one who boasted the name of American. If you in New-Jersey will do that then I pity you; for I never like to look on such craven men. I don't believe there are many who will vote for those who have trod them down in the dust. The leaders may sell out; they have their priest; but the incorruptible masses never can be sold out. Then there is the Douglas party; but it is a withered party. He admired Mr. Douglas for his part against the Lecompton Constitution; but that was the last blush of virtue on his part. He went to Illinois where, in the popular vote, he was beaten by honest Abe Lincoln. We can imagine what will be the result there now, Mr. Douglas said in the Senate that he did not care whether Slavery was voted up or down; and he said this in the pres-

ence of the shade of that immortal Jefferson who said he trembled because God was just, and in the presence of the shade of that Washington who would not go to the shining seat of God till the last fetter had fallen from every slave he owned.—That remark ought to damn Stephen A. Douglas, and it will. In spite of the many men who had been stricken down by the Slave Power, Mr. Douglas, differed with the Slave Power; but, after having started in a march toward the Republican party, he faltered. They killed him because he once looked toward Freedom. Now was the time, if Douglas had any friends, for them, like Marc Antony, to take his bleeding body through the country and raise his followers to revenge. He would call upon them all to come out from their tattered tents and join the great army of the free, and strike one mighty blow against this tyranny which is oppressing us all.

The New-York correspondent of *The National Intelligencer* says: "The levy upon the office-holders in this city has commenced. Every person employed in the Custom-House has been assessed twenty per cent on his monthly salary. For instance, the man who receives \$100 per month must pay \$20. A clerk designated by the Collector is taking down names and salaries. The amount is to be transmitted to the Breckinridge and Lane Committee in Washington. About ten thousand dollars will be raised in this way. Many a poor fellow groans when he reflects that he is probably paying for wetting the guillotine which in March next is to be used in his decapitation."

On the 21st ult., during a thunder storm, a stroke of lightning passed down the conductor attached to the residence of John B. Briggs, in Proble, N. Y., and through the ground into the cellar, where Miss Lois Hurlburt and Mr. Charles Fox were engaged in skimming and straining milk. The fluid struck Miss Hurlburt on her side, tearing her apron into shreds, passing through her dress—melting one of her hoops—to her hip, thence down her leg, tearing her stocking on one side in places from one-half to one inch apart, until it reached the heel, when it entirely destroyed that portion of her hose, and rent her shoe into numberless pieces. Strange to say, the lady escaped with comparatively little injury. She was, of course, rendered senseless, but only for a short time. The only perceptible effect, she says, is a black line down the limb, and a slight lameness. Young Fox, standing about ten feet from Miss Hurlburt, was, he thinks, hit by a ball of fire on the hip, on the opposite side from where Miss Hurlburt was standing; he was knocked down, but recovered in a very short time.

The *Gazette and Republican* of Trenton, N. J., contains an authoritative statement of Gov. Olden's position in the Henry Clay School, he retains all his former disgust of Henry Clay's political opponents, and now in their divided and distracted condition would probably pity, if he did not despise them. Their new-fangled notions for the extension and protection of Slavery and the revival of the African slave-trade, he simply abominates. "Whatever may have been his views of the Fillmore party in 1856, he recognizes the Bell movement now as only a trick and device to save, if possible, the demoralized Democracy." "He sees in Honest Abraham Lincoln of Illinois a man after his own heart, of quiet well and incorruptible integrity, who will certainly be elected to the Presidency in November next, and will at once proceed to restore the Federal Government to its pristine purity and vigor. On the vexed question of Slavery he stands where the Fathers of the Republic almost unanimously stood, inexorably opposed to its further extension. An old Henry Clay Whig, he is, and always has been, heartily in favor of efficient protection to home labor."

A Hog Verdict.

In Alabama, not long since, they tried a fellow for stealing hogs. The jury, after hearing the testimony, retired to the woods to make up their verdict. In a short time they returned with a verdict of "Guilty of hog stealing" in the first degree.

The Judge told them that they should have assessed the value of the hogs; that there was no degrees in hog stealing; and that they must return and bring in a verdict in "proper form."

Again the jury retired to the woods.—After some deliberation, old Sim Turner proposed to write out the verdict in "form." Accordingly he wrote the verdict and they returned to the court house. Old Sim handed the verdict to the clerk, with considerable pomposity, and the clerk read it as follows:

"We, the jury, pusillanimously doth find the defendant guilty in the sum of 1 dollar and a 1/2 in favor of the hogs."

A Word of Advice.

To a Newly Married Couple 'Over the way.'

'Tis dreadful hot, we know, car casing couple, Without a breath of air a leaf to flutter, Bat still, when Love in daylight calls 'To Arms!'

'Twould be as well, perhaps to close the shutter.

Another Meteor.
Cor. of the N. Y. Tribune.

BINGHAMTON,
Monday, Aug. 6, 1860.

A meteor was witnessed this evening from this place, which in brilliancy, as well as in its general appearance and course, closely resembled the one of the 20th ult. It passed across the sky in a direction nearly northeast, and instead of appearing over head, as did the former one, it was considerably to the north—its highest altitude being about 20 deg. above the horizon. It presented the appearance of a single nucleus of great brilliancy, with a tail of fire behind it—small portions seeming to part continuously from the principle body, and to assume instantly a trailing appearance. It was seen here at 36 minutes past seven, New-York time. Of course it was quite light, as the sun had been down but a short time.

Note From Mr. G. P. Bond.
To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: The following is an outline of the path described by the great meteorite of the 20th ult., as derived from observations made in various sections of the country: It first became visible in a region of the great lakes, pursuing a course E. S. E. from the northern part of Michigan, in a straight line over Lake Huron, Canada West, Lake Erie, South-Western New-York, the North-Eastern part of Pennsylvania, South-Eastern New-York, the south-west corner of Connecticut, Long Island Sound, and Long Island. It was seen 300 or 400 miles out at sea, and probably passed on to resume its path in the solar system, undoubtedly a good deal disturbed from its original orbit by the earth's attraction and the resistance offered by its atmosphere.

Its nearest approach to our globe was within 35 miles; it was at this elevation, nearly when crossing the Hudson, 45 miles in an air-line from New-York—its velocity was about 20 miles a second. The vertical diameter was one-fourth of a mile, including the brightest portion of the luminous atmosphere surrounding the nucleus.

Although the above results must be, in the main, correct, the difficulty of reconciling the accounts of different observers is sufficient proof that they are open to future improvement; especially as regards the velocity, and the fact of the meteorite having left the limits of our atmosphere and pursued its course indefinitely beyond.

Both are points of much astronomical interest. The velocity being known, and the fact established that the body had escaped contact with the earth, we have all the data necessary for ascertaining its orbit with reference to the sun. The amount of its motion, diminished by the part due to the orbital motion of the earth, gives a period of revolution considerably less than a year.

Those who have had an opportunity of witnessing an occultation of either of the brighter stars in its path would do well to communicate their notes to some quarter where they will be accessible for scientific objects. Two instances of the kind have come to my knowledge, in which the planet Mars was occulted by the meteor. Observations by a watch, or by some other reliable standard, of the exact time of visibility, are also desirable.

The question whether the meteor was finally consumed in the atmosphere, or passed out of it, will be best decided by its appearance at sea from vessels two or three hundred miles to the eastward of New-York.

G. P. BOND,
Observatory of Harvard College, July 30.

A Slip of the Tongue.

A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant in the way he wanted him to go, so that he might at all times be an efficient aid in helping him to pull the wool over his wife's eyes, sent him one day with a box ticket for the opera to the house of a certain young lady.

The servant returned when the gentleman and his wife were at dinner. He had, of course, been told, in giving answers to certain kinds of messages to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun in speaking of the lady.

"Did you see him?" asked the gentleman, giving him the cue.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant; "he said he'd go with a great deal of pleasure and that he'd wait for you, sir."

"What was he doing?" asked the wife carelessly.

"He was putting on his BONNET!" was the blundering reply.

"The fat was in the fire," forthwith, and for the rest of the day the spluttering in that family was so vehement as to defy the sedative influences of a new bonnet, cloak, shawl and dress. Mem. He didn't go with the husband that night to the opera.

It is said that CHANG and ENG, the Siamese twins, differ in politics.—Both are veteran Democrats, but CHANG is now for BRECKINRIDGE and ENG for DOUGLAS.

Mrs. Bardell Cunningham was married in San Francisco on the 10th of June last. *The Golden Era*, which publishes the announcement, does not give the name of the happy individual.

Lost in the Woods.—An Affecting Incident.

The *Hornelsville Journal* states that three young children of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Howley, of that place went into the woods on Saturday last, to pick berries, without the consent of their parents, and wandered about until lost. Not returning before evening, the anxious parents, in company with nearly 100 others, started for the woods, and succeeded in finding them.

It seems that, after having picked enough berries, they thought it time to return home, but, on returning about for that purpose, they found themselves in a strange place, and could not find the road, or any way out. They sat down on a log to think, and sat there a long time, finally giving up that they were lost. Mary, the eldest, said to the others, "Let us pray to God to help us to find our way out," and all kneeling there by the log, with hands uplifted, they prayed for deliverance.

They then took a new start, and soon found whortle-berries plenty, with which they satisfied their hunger. The little ones now commenced calling aloud the names of the different members of the family; Carrie, the youngest, calling repeatedly for milk, and, complaining of fatigue, she sat down to rest. Ida, the second, was tired and sleepy, and would rather stay there than try any longer to get out. Mary then stripped bark from a dead tree, laid it on the ground for a pillow, covering it with leaves, and the two youngest laid down to sleep.

She found that the sun had gone down, and it was getting dark and she again knelt down to pray for deliverance, and that God would take care of them. She had made up her mind to stay there the night, knowing that she could not find the way out herself. She knew the night would be long, and the little ones might wake before morning hungry, so she filled her pocket with wintergreens to pacify them—every few minutes during the time calling aloud upon the different members of the family. When found, the two youngest were sleeping, and the eldest not yet 10 years of age, was upon her knees praying.

Exciting Question.

The following question will be discussed at the next meeting of the Frogtown Debating Society: "Which is the happiest: a negro at a dance, or a hog in a mud-hole?"

A man in Wisconsin has gone into the business of fattening frogs and fish for the market. He has a large pond in which he "cultivates" these aquatics, by feeding them with oat meal and grass-hoppers. He raises the largest frog that has ever been seen this side of the river Nile.

The Apple Crop.

By what we gather from the farmers here and the papers of the adjoining counties, a large apple crop is looked for. Already apple buyers are contracting for their barrels. The Lyons *Republican* says, A. N. Ronech, of Liverpool, has contracted to deliver 10,000 apple barrels at various points in Wayne county for S. A. Dewey, of Lyons.—*Rochester Union*.

When John Capt. Austin was sent to Philadelphia with despatches, announcing the capture of Burgoyne, he sent a note to Dr. Chauncy, requesting the prayers of the church for a safe passage. The doctor, full of the spirit of patriotism, earnestly added to the prayer that, "whatever became of the young man, the package might arrive safely!"

"Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "Why what on earth shall I do that for, pet?" "Cause I want to draw a nelpbant."

Last Friday, a ballot box was placed in the Book Store of Capt. Ayers, Williamsport, Pa., and the privilege of voting was offered to all who came into the Store. At night the votes were counted with the following result:

Lincoln	53
Douglas	33
Bell	6
Breckinridge	5
Total	101

Cassius Sulz, an ancient negro slave, living in Wallpack, is, perhaps, the oldest man in northern New Jersey, being 107 years of age—so he says, and his memory of events long by gone confirms his statement. He was purchased, a great many years ago, by an old resident of Wallpack, named Dewitt, of a gentleman of Eopus, N. Y. Cassius was 23 years old when American independence was declared, and distinctly remembers that event. He discourses fluently, and relates many incidents connected with the Revolution. His conversation is quite entertaining, and denotes remarkable intelligence for one so old. He says that the Dewitts offered him his freedom, but he preferred to remain on the farm, and end his days on the banks of the Delaware, in Wallpack. The Dewitt estate pays a colored family in the neighborhood \$100 per annum for keeping the old man comfortable—to the continued for life.—*Sussex Register*.